

IN THE UNITED STATES DISTRICT COURT
FOR THE NORTHERN DISTRICT OF ILLINOIS, EASTERN DIVISION

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA,)	
)	
Plaintiff,)	
v.)	N0. 14 CR 107-2
BRAUNDII YOUNG,)	
)	
Defendant.)	Judge Harry D. Leinenweber

DEFENDANT BRAUNDII YOUNG'S STATEMENT AND
CHARACTER LETTERS

Defendant Braundii Young, by her attorney, Phillip A. Turner, respectfully
submits the attached as her sentencing statement and character letters.

CERTIFICATE OF SERVICE

The undersigned attorney hereby certifies that in accordance with Fed.R.Civ.P.5, LR 5.5 and the General Order on Electronic Case Filing (ECF), the following document:

**DEFENDANT BRAUNDII YOUNG'S STATEMENT AND
CHARACTER LETTERS**

was served pursuant to the district court's ECF system as to ECF filers.

Respectfully submitted,

Phillip A. Turner

Phillip A. Turner

Attorney for defendant

115 South LaSalle Street

Suite 2600

Chicago, Illinois 60603

312-899-0009

It is completely clear to me that what I've done is wrong and unacceptable. I take full responsibility for the part I played in this wrong doing. I just want to give you some insight on what life has been like for me and how I ended up where I am today. I will reflect on life as a child, as a teen and as a young adult.

As a child I was small and shy. I loved to play and I had plenty of family around to play with. I lived with my mom and siblings in my grandmother's home. All of my aunts and their children lived in that house too. My mom was a single parent of four so she worked long hours to provide us with all the things we needed. As a child you don't understand this. You just miss your mom when she's gone and patiently wait on her to return. Because she had to work so much, I was left with my grandmother a lot. My siblings got to leave if they wanted. I was the youngest; I was always left behind. Being cared for by an older woman, this proved to be a challenge. My grandmother was in her mid seventies and suffered from several illnesses, so she slept a lot. While she slept, a number of bad things happened. At the age of five, I started getting molested by two of my older cousins. I was the perfect target because not only was I small but I was also quiet and soft spoken. I was also bullied all the time for tattling. I tried to stop being a tattle-tale to make everyone like me, as most young children do. All I remember from these episodes is there always being so much sweat and wet kisses. There was even a point where I couldn't get the taste out of my mouth. It was just super uncomfortable and I didn't know exactly how to feel about it. I knew it had to be wrong but I didn't want to get

anyone in trouble. They both convinced me to keep quiet. I never told anyone. I acted as if nothing ever happened, this was the first and worst mistake I ever made. Although the abuse stopped at the age of eight years old, those three years of daily suffering and shame became apart of who I was and continued to follow me.

The biggest problem was the constant sexual urges I had. I ended up losing my virginity when I turned thirteen. It wasn't that special moment that most girl imagine it should be. It was just sex. It seemed like nothing to me but it felt like the right thing to do. From then on my life was all about sex. I knew it probably should be more but I couldn't understand how. Every guy I met only cared about sex and I never questioned anything. Once I turned seventeen, my best friend's older sister introduced us to online escorting.

In their home, this was not a big deal. In fact, they felt that it was your choice and as long as you were "making a living" nothing was wrong with it. This would've been scary to a normal teen but we had actually been waiting for years to be able to get our chance. Growing up my best friend and I couldn't wait until the time came when we would be able to make money and dress as nice as her sister always did. She always told us we would have to wait until we were older. Now that we were sexually active, she had no problem with filling us completely in. My thinking was, "why not get paid for something we were already doing?" From her, I learned how to dress, advertise and act. The first time I went out I didn't know what to expect. I was very nervous and the cab driver noticed it. He told me he was used to driving girls to

locations. And in our twisted world, he said that I had nothing to be nervous about. As long as I stayed professional and calm I would be fine. That gave me some confidence, it was one more person that made this feel normal. When we arrived at the hotel, the guy I met seemed completely normal. He seemed like he was about twenty-five years old. He wasn't weird at all. I did what I was told to do, got the money and was out of the door within an hour. Imagine being seventeen with three hundred dollars of your own money. From that day on, I thought I would probably be able to do this for the rest of my life or until something better happened for me. I did this for about two-and-a-half years. During that time, I slept with at least seventy-five men. I would always have some liquor and marijuana in my car so that I wouldn't be so uncomfortable for the dates. I would always bring protection because I was aware that I was taking a risk everytime I went out there. I heard stories about men who were purposely giving the AIDS virus to escorts. There was also the risk of being raped or even killed but the money motivated me to keep going. I was convinced that as long as I did everything I was supposed to do, nothing like that would ever happen to me. After escorting for so long, normal relationships and people felt unnatural for me. I started to feel like I didn't deserve love. Nobody would be with someone who did what I did. I felt trapped, like I didn't deserve anything better.

During this time, there was a guy named, "Chase", who was pursuing me. I refused to give him a chance, but he was still persistent. I had known him all my life because we stayed across the street from each other. I grew up with his younger

sister and was at their house alot so I felt comfortable around him. Back then he was like a big brother to me but since I was older we both started to look at each other in a different way. He vowed that he would wait for me as long as it took. Still, I felt like I belonged in the place I had been for the last couple years. I was still escorting. Then I went on a call that would be my last. The man on the phone seemed normal. I figured this would be an easy date. He gave me the directions to his home and told me to come in through the back way. I didn't think anything of it because that wasn't irregular. It wasn't until I got to the back door that he answered the phone in the coldest voice ever and told me to come back down the stairs so that he could kill me. I was so scared that I had just froze for a few seconds. I called the police and as I talked to them my legs just started moving. I was off the porch and in my car in seconds. It was on that night that I decided that I wouldn't do escorting anymore. I also had a guy that was willing to love me. All I had to do was give him a chance. So I gave Chase a chance. He was my new life. I was determined to make this work. I started to hang around Chase more. He was always saying sweet things to me. He would always tell me how beautiful and smart I was. We would walk around holding hands which he had never done with any of his previous girlfriends. Things were just all around really good. I wasn't used to this. I was convinced that God had sent Chase to me to get my life in order. Chase was a drug dealer, but I had never judged him because I had sold my body for money. Chase promised me that I would have everything I wanted and he promised to always treat me right. I thought that since

Chase was so caring he was just what I needed. I thought he would fix me.

In the beginning of my relationship with Chase, things were very good. (Well at least that's how I saw it). It felt like I was on cloud nine. We were finishing each other's sentences. There were times when I noticed things he didn't, which he praised me for. We smoked marijuana everyday and went out a great deal during the week. At first I thought I wouldn't be able to have sex with him but he was so gentle and patient with me. It was something I had never experienced before. He made me feel special and delicate. The way he took his time with me made me feel so loved. Within months, Chase asked me to move in with him. I was so eager to live with Chase so that I could start living my life right. Chase and I were happy. Things were actually too good to be true. I started to feel guilty because Chase would speak so highly of me to others. I felt like Chase didn't know me at all. My secrets bothered me. I wanted to be honest with Chase. I decided to tell him I used to be an escort. I was scared that Chase would look at me like the disgusting person I thought I was. When I finally had the conversation with Chase, there were tears but he told me that he didn't care what I did. Chase said he loved me still, but that he would've preferred that I told him sooner. I understood because he would have had the choice to be with me or not. It felt such a relief but then Chase added, "YOU WILL HAVE TO MAKE IT UP TO ME". At that point, I felt like since I was wrong for not telling him about my past, I would do whatever he wanted me to. I had to do whatever he said because if not, who else would want to be

with someone like me? Chase said he loved me and I didn't want to lose him.

A few weeks went by and I started to notice that things had really changed. I knew people noticed it but I still tried to keep a smile on my face. I was just so worried that if I left, he would tell everyone about my past and I wish I had the strength to tell my own story but I was too ashamed. I figured maybe Chase would forget all about it. It became clear that time was still a long way off. No more fun times or nights out. Chase was barely even around me, and when he was everything I did annoyed him to the point he had to leave. He would stay out all night long and would stop by for sex and food. I could feel things were different. There were no more times where he would stare at me in awe, admiring my beauty. We never even walked around together anymore. It used to always be us together but I was now stuck in the house alone. Chase didn't want me. He had lost all respect for me. I'm sure he would've loved to get rid of me but he didn't. Once again I was around a man for sex. I knew this but I still couldn't will myself to leave Chase. I was convinced that if I stayed around he would eventually go back to loving me the way he used to. But things only got worse. I stopped using drugs and started to drink heavily instead. I had to be drunk to have a good time. Most of those times just resulted in heated arguments and Chase leaving. Chase went from calling me beautiful to calling me names like: hoe, stupid, slow, annoying, dead-weight, useless and alot of other things that hit me harder than a punch ever could. Chase would even talk negatively about me to his friends and family. However, I

couldn't leave because I had no one but Chase to talk to. I had convinced myself that Chase was all I had. I felt as if Chase was the only man I would ever have. So, I settled into the thought of living in "the hood" and being happy half of the time. Me not leaving, gave Chase the confidence to keep pushing me physically and mentally as much as he could.

One day Chase walked up with a girl. My first thought was that Chase was having sex with her. The two of them came into the house and Chase told me that this girl "wanted to make some money". I immediately knew what he meant. I didn't want to do it. Chase then pulled me to the side and reminded me that I was supposed to love him and that I should be trying to make things up to him. I decided to do it. I started to talk to the girl. I told her everything I was told by my best friend's sister. Chase suggested that we get some liquor to drink. I don't remember how long it took me to get drunk, the drunk where you lose your senses. I remember being in the bed with him and the girl he brought over. The next morning, I went to the bathroom and started to cry. I couldn't believe what I had done. I was snapped back into reality when Chase called my name. He asked me how to make the page for the girl. I told him what website I would go to, which was "backpage.com". I explained to him that once we got the page up the girl would have to wait for hours before she got a good call. I told Chase and the girl how she should dress. How speaking with good diction would attract more men with money. Also, how patience was the key to staying safe and out of trouble. A part of me was relieved that Chase was finally letting me be me; I thought this was his way of accepting me.

I was in my element. I did everything he asked and told me to do. I never noticed the wrong I was doing. But, Chase didn't like the internet, and the way I did things. Chase felt that it took too much time and money. This slow pace made Chase start taking the girl on the street to make money. All of a sudden, there were more girls, some even older than I was. I continued to help them. I kept posting the ads and telling them all how they should talk, dress and act. Any questions they had I would answer. Anything they needed, including nice clothes and shoes I would give. It was only about two weeks when it all started to wear on me. I got tired of seeing girls around him all day long. They were around Chase more than I was. Eventually, Chase thought I was too nosey and jealous. He no longer allowed me to come out with them anymore. My days were filled with seeing Chase come and go with females. My nights were spent completely alone. I couldn't talk to anyone about this. I felt like I was in a hell-hole and I couldn't get out. I wanted out but I didn't know how. I finally decided that I wasn't helping anymore. I wasn't going to post anymore ads, talk to anyone else or have any part of the situation in any way. But, Chase let me know it was too late. Chase had been using my phone the entire time. I didn't think he would purposely use me but that was clearly the case. Chase agreed that I should no longer be involved, he said things were "too deep". That he didn't want me to get in trouble. THE PROBLEM WAS THAT THE DAMAGE WAS ALREADY DONE.

After about a month, I started to get my life on track on my own. I went out, found a job and enrolled in school. I decided that I wanted to do something with my life. Something

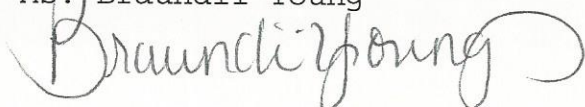
that I could actually be proud of for a change. In the past, I had tried to get things together but this time I was consistent and determined. Chase noticed and started to treat me better. He stopped with the girls and things seemed like they were starting to get better. Chase started taking me out again and even introduced me to more of his family. In 2013, a little over a year after everything stopped we were out together. It was two days until my birthday. Chase took me to the mall to find something to wear. We stopped at a jewelry counter and I saw a ring that I absolutely adored. He told me to go ahead of him to shop and when I met back up with him, I froze. He had the exact ring I had just talked about and asked me to marry him. I couldn't believe that my dreams were finally coming true. We had barely survived our relationship. I wondered if getting married would make things better or worse. I wanted to believe things would be better but I knew that as long as he was stuck and I was with him, I would be too. The even bigger problem was that our past transgressions were coming back to hunt us sooner than we expected. That following February, we were both taken into custody.

After being in jail for almost two years, I've had time to reflect on my life and the decisions I've made throughout it. I've learned how to love and depend on myself. Most importantly, I see how wrong I was by participating in this. I hate that I played a part in turning those girl's world upside down. Those girls were looking for someone to tell them the right thing and all I did was help them to go down into the same pit I tried so hard to climb out of. I wasn't aware of how damaged I was. I couldn't recognize that

they were just crying out for help like I was back when I was their age. I just want the chance to do and be better. I am a much better person for being incarcerated. I call this a journey. While incarcerated, I have come up with programs for incarcerated women. I met a woman I consider to be a mentor and together we came up with "The Dollhouse Project." It's a program where females are able to create toy houses that represent themselves, their dreams or even their children. I have also made a plan to help young females once I am released. The programs that I was offered at the Metropolitan Correctional Center were a huge help to me also. They forced me to look inside of myself. Most see this as a curse, but I see the blessing in it all. Out there, I was just going to continue to make things harder for myself. I now see that I do want and deserve much more out of life and so do these young girls whose lives I affected. I want to dedicate my life to speaking out, not only about living with molestation but also self hatred. I want to help others overcome these destructive things. If I had, had one person to understand me and took the time to help me see things through lenses of love I would've been much better. Things won't get better until we start talking about them. Secrets do damage and bring pain. I am thankful for clarity. I am thankful for growth. I truly know that I would not had been able to get any of this if it wasn't for this journey. I am appreciative. I plan on showing just that, my appreciation for this new start at life.

Respectfully,

Ms. Braundii Young

A handwritten signature in cursive script that reads "Braundii Young". The signature is written in dark ink and is positioned below the typed name.

Edwin G. Foreman High School • 3235 North LeClaire Avenue • Chicago, Illinois 60641
Telephone: 773/534-3400 • Fax: 773/534-3684

Daniel S. Zimmerman
Principal

Kornelia Overom
Assistant Principal

Staci Stratigakes
Assistant Principal

To Whom It May Concern,

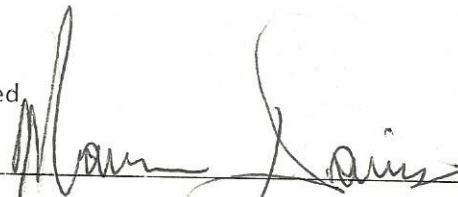
My name is Marvin Davis and I am the Director of Music at Foreman High School in the city of Chicago. I have taught at Foreman for more than twenty years and have been in the Chicago Public School system nearly thirty. I have had the opportunity to work with many students that come from homes on a variety of socio-economic levels and parental involvement in their children's lives. Unfortunately, far too many children are left to their own devices and are led in directions that are ruinous to not only them, but others.

Braundii Young is one of my former students. Ms. Young was, at times, an excellent student with great potential, musically and academically. She was able to do her class work at a very high level and work with the band at a level I have not seen since. Her ability to sing in many idioms attests to her desire to be better than average and a willingness to learn. When not singing, Braundii was dancing and teaching are dance group with equal aptitude.

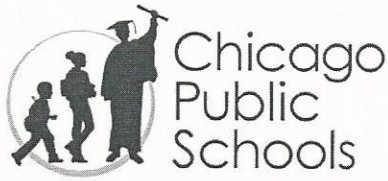
Ms. Young was a very caring, dedicated and loyal young lady. With all of this going for her, Braundii at times would become emotionally involved with the wrong person. The more negative the other person, the more involved she became. Naturally, these associations had a very negative affect on her grades and her performances with the groups. By her final year in school there was little contact between the two of us. I am unaware of her activities after high school only that I was informed that she was working at a fast food place. A year or two after her graduation we re-established contact with each other where upon she began to sing again.

I am only slightly familiar with the offense Ms. Young is being accused of and in no way condoning or excusing her actions. I am only writing about the person that I knew and my experiences with Ms. Young. I have seen Braundii's penchant for being lead down the wrong path in an effort to be accepted and loved, I fear this might be the case. I am not asking for forgiveness of her crimes, only a degree of leniency.

Signed



Mr. M Davis – Director of Music, Foreman High School



Edwin G. Foreman High School 3235 North LeClaire Avenue Chicago, IL 60641

Telephone (773) 534 – 3400 Fax (773) 534 – 3684

Daniel S. Zimmerman
Principal

Kornelia Overom
Assistant Principal

Staci Stratigakes
Assistant Principal

11/17/14

To whom it may concern,

I am writing this letter to share with you my most sincere thoughts on Braundii Young. I have come to know Braundii as a very mature and talented young lady. She is very tenacious and has learned how to advocate for herself in a very mature fashion. Braundii is driven to success and academically she has shown the ability to master requirements at respectable levels. She completes all tasks in a sufficient manner and is very persistent and shows tremendous follow through when there is a deadline to be met. Braundii was my student aid for her senior year of high school. She was heavily relied upon to help with the flow of daily activity in the counseling office. She was responsible for student files and delivering memos to staff and students. I found her to be very trust worthy, reliable and always willing to help as much as possible. Braundii has proven herself to be a leader in Foreman High school, and among her peers.

Braundii was also captain of the majorette squad that I coach. She is very gifted in the performing arts. Braundii's creativity and leadership is admired by others and vital in the success of the majorette program. Because she takes pride in success, she is dedicated to helping others. I often relied on Braundii Young to lead practices or help individuals who struggle with learning routines. She has also took the initiative to produce choreography as well. I was most amazed by her maturity level and ability to establish respect from her peers. She was able to use good judgment and influence others to make good decisions in questionable situations. Her love for dance was evident during performances, and it pushed others to perform at their best. After graduating, she continued to volunteer time to help the team produce choreography. She has a gift and her commitment to excellence assures me that she will accomplish any goals that she has set for herself.

Thank you in advance for your time and patience, if you have any further questions please contact me at (773) 534-3416 or at kmblock@cps.edu.

Sincerely,

Keleyssa M. Block
Professional School Counselor
Foreman High School

Your Neighborhood School of Choice

To Whom It May Concern:

I am the mother of Ms. Braundii Sharae Young. Ms. Young was born to me on December 23, 1991. This was a very blessed day for me. Ms. Young grew up and eventually was able to go to preschool. At graduation her teacher stated "If I could give out straight A's it would go to Braundii Young. Ms. Young was able to write her name and acquired her library card when she was just four years old. This was only the beginning. She took grammar school by storm. It was in grammar school that she started to use her God given talent. Ms. Young was and is an exceptional singer. Once in high school she really blossomed and was hired to sing for Graduation ceremonies. I took Braundii to church where she received spiritual guidance. She was a faithful choir member.

There is no doubt in my mind that my daughter would be graduating college or would be pursuing a singing career. Her vice which is the same for many females is the love of a man. The relationship her and Arnell started out as friends. I had my questions about this but was assured that that was all they were because she was too young. Having to work to take care of her and her three siblings with no father in the house enabled her to have a little more freedom than most young ladies her age. It was under his influence that she started to change. I thought she was one place but because of his persuasive nature he had often influenced her to be other places. Once their relationship escalated there was no stopping her. She believed everything that came out of his mouth. This was the beginning of her downfall. This is when my daughter became someone else.

If you had never met and developed this relationship with Arnell she would not be in this situation. He had a way to influence her that was very controlling. The phone in which I paid the bill was answered by him every time I called her. It didn't matter if she was at school, work or even at home he always had her phone. My daughter should be signed with a record label or either solving murders. She had expressed her interest in Forensics. She would watch people get dissected on the television and said that is what she wanted to be.

Like any mother I desire the best for all my children. Braundii has great potential. I expect for her to excel in all her endeavors whether furthering her education or pursuing her singing career. I believe that God will allow her to reach her potential.

Sincerely,

A handwritten signature in cursive script, appearing to read "Annette Thomas".

Annette Thomas

(708)574-3093

November 20, 2014

To Whom It May Concern:

My name is Ronald L. Young. I am the big brother of Braundii Sharae Young. I have known my sister for her entire life. I have watched her grow from a little girl to a beautiful young lady. Braundii was always happy. Braundii was also an achiever and a go getter. Braundii did her best in everything that she did. It saddens my heart to see my sister a thriving young lady caught up in this unusual situation. Braundii had and has big dreams and the tools to make her dreams come true. Unfortunately she fell for the wrong person. I noticed her character change right before my eyes. As a big brother I never wanted her to even get in this situation but she was young and the person that she fell for had a great influence over her.

I know that if she could relive the past couple of years her life would be totally different. I can see my sister singing with the likes of Beyonce, Mary J. Blyth and other world known artist. Her love for music and her God given talent was displayed every time she was given the opportunity to sing.

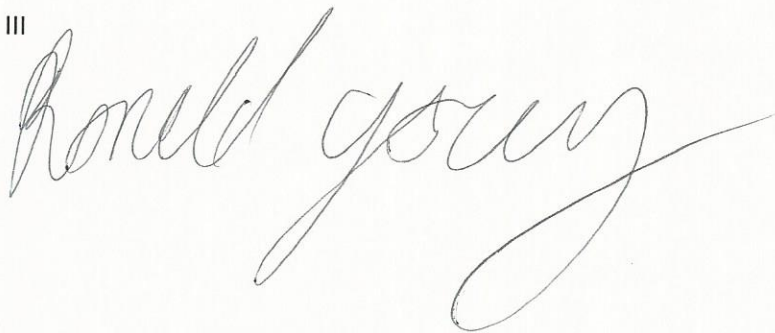
Me, Braundii and my other two siblings were brought up in the church. My mother being a strong black women raised us and provided for us. We didn't have the luxury of having our father in our lives which I think attributed to her being caught up in this situation.

This travesty that occurred was totally out of her character. The influence was too great. She was too young to be in to such a relationship. Her feelings for this much older individual was strong. Falling in love with the wrong person shouldn't destroy your life or your life's dreams but it should afford you the chance to see your mistakes and prepare for the next episode in your life.

It is at this time with a clear conscious and a very heavy heart that I request that you please see that she has learned from her mistakes and that she has truly repented for whatever part she was influenced to play. She is a very good person with a good heart. A great sister, aunt, cousin and friend. Please release her so she can be the Braundii that God made her to be.

Sincerely,

Ronald L. Young III

A handwritten signature in cursive script that reads "Ronald Young". The signature is written in dark ink and is positioned below the typed name "Ronald L. Young III".

November 23, 2014

To Whom it may concern

Regarding: The Case of our niece
Braundii Young We The Family
regret it whole heartly that
Our niece, due to peer pressure
were caught up and convince to
to do the wrong thing just
by being with the wrong
company.

We do believe by releasing
Braundii back home with her
mother, she can be more productive
to society by continuing her education
and being with her family.

Thank you ~~you~~
From
Mr. And Mrs
Curtis ~~Stiles~~

November 12, 2014

To whom it may concern:

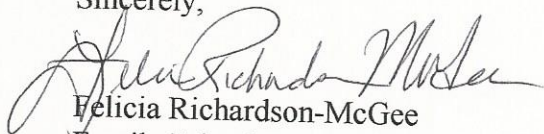
When I was asked to write this letter for Braundii, I was happy to do it, but saddened by the circumstances that make it necessary. I have been best friends with Braundi's mom for over 40 years, so I think that I know the family pretty well.

The Maxey-Thomas-Young family has been very active in their church for as long as I can remember. When Braundii came of age and accepted Christ into her life, she regularly attended church services as well. I watched her grow from an infant to the adult woman that she has become today. In her younger years, she did very well in elementary school and was on the honor roll in high school. She went away to college for one year, but returned to Chicago, an indication that her away-from-home experience was not the best.

I believe that if this incident had not occurred at this time in Braundii's life, she would have finished college and established a career for herself. I am sure that she probably thinks about this now more often than ever. She probably thinks that this situation will keep her from having her dream life, but I know that she's God-fearing and her faith will help her to know that "this too shall pass". She will bounce back, overcome this situation, and move forward in a positive way in her life, but she needs to be surrounded by her family while she does it. Prison is not the place for Braundii. This environment is not indicative of her upbringing, and will only serve to impede her ability to think in positive terms about her future, as well as the many opportunities that will be available to her as she moves forward with her life.

I pray that this situation, time in her life, will not lower her self-esteem or belief in herself that there will be a positive outcome from all of this. This is a life lesson that was meant only for her and I pray that she learns from it, leaves it behind her, and looks anxiously ahead as to what life has to offer her. Thank you for the opportunity to write this letter on Braundii's behalf and I hope that you will consider it as you decide upon her future.

Sincerely,



Felicia Richardson-McGee

Family Friend

312-504-2951



BETHLEHEM UNITY M. B. CHURCH

5655 WEST MADISON STREET
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS 60644

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Rev. Bill R. Evans, Sr., Pastor

Official Staff:

Otis Hosley, Sr. Chairman, Deacon Board
Gregory Stackhouse, Chairman, Trustee Board

Patrice L. Brown, Financial Secretary
Loire Chew, Church Clerk

Date: 11/19/2014

RE: Character Letter for Braundii Young

To whom this may concern,

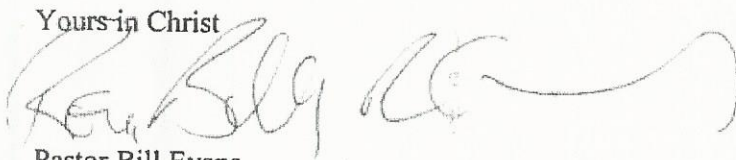
My name is Rev. Bill Evans from Bethlehem Unity M.B. Church of Chicago IL, where I serve as Pastor. I am writing this letter in reference to Braundii Young, who is a member of Bethlehem Unity M.B. Church and has been active in the Church all of her life. She was active in our youth and adult choirs, she also was active in our mentor ministry. Braundii is a bright, positive and intelligent young lady that has great potential to succeed in whatever she put her mind to accomplish.

I was shocked and surprised to hear of the event and circumstances that took place that resulted in this letter being written. I strongly believe that this is not of her doing based upon her character, but I believe that she was influenced by someone else. If given the opportunity I believe that Braundi will be able to regroup and refocus to be a very productive, positive leader in her community; also in the Church.

I believe that we all make mistakes in life, but the goal is to learn from our mistakes. I believe that Braundii has learned from her mistake.

Please except this letter as a Character Letter for Braundii Young.

Yours in Christ


Pastor Bill Evans
Bethlehem Unity M.B Church
5655 W Madison Ave.
Chicago IL 60644
773-287-0822

JESUS SAVES



November 17, 2014

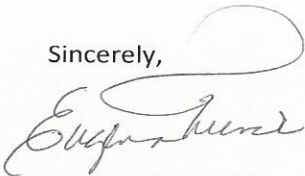
To Whom it May Concern:

I am writing this letter is behalf of my cousin Braundii Sharae Young. I have known her all if her life. I was and still remain in a state of shock. My cousin was born with potential to excel in so many areas of her life. If and every action that has brought her to this crossroad in her life was conducted by someone else. This young lady has a voice of an angel. I just knew that one day I would be watching her perform on television and proudly say that is my cousin.

Me knowing her and the her upbringing lets me know beyond a shadow of a doubt that she was under some very negative influence. She is a proud young lady. She takes pride in her appearance. Besides her singing skills she was blessed to be able to do hair. On many occasions she has assisted her mother in doing my hair. She has the potential to wear many hats. Her mother raised her and all of my cousins to do their best in whatever they did. Braundii was a good student. She attended church with her family. The lack of her father in her life I think attributed to her choosing the wrong male in her life.

Braundii is sweet and caring. Often taking care of her nieces and nephews. Please consider the fact that she was not street educated but book educated. She was truly taken advantage of because of her age and her ignorance to the street life. If certain people hadn't been such an influence she wouldn't be in this situation. I watch her character change but didn't really know why until now. Love or what you think is love makes you make some very stupid decisions. She is just a victim of being in love with someone that was a user. I know when given the opportunity she will achieve her dreams and be that proud young lady that I know and love.

Sincerely,

A handwritten signature in cursive script, appearing to read 'Eugenia Turner', with a large, looping flourish at the end.

Eugenia Turner (Cousin)

November 16, 2014

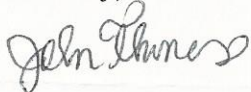
To Whom It May Concern:

Ms. Braundii Sharae Young is a young lady that I love and respect. I have watched her grow from a beautiful baby to a beautiful young lady. Our age difference caused us not to see eye to eye on a lot of things but she never disrespected me as her big brother. My name is John Thomas and I am her big brother. I never in a million years would have thought my little sister would be in this situation. My baby sister was born with talent. She was very smart in school and always talked about going on Star Search and with a voice like hers she would have won. Me and my baby sister sang in the choir at the church where we both attended.

Unfortunately my little sister grew up and was influenced to move out of my mother's house. I knew at this moment it wasn't the right thing to do but me being a man know how we can persuade women to do as we ask. Her being so young and vulnerable led her to this. As far as I knew she was just friends with this man. Then all of a sudden she was gone. Yes my little sister was trying to act like a grown woman. The grip that had been put on her was tight. I saw her change in such a negative way but I wanted to let her know that I loved her and that I was there for her. If I could turn back the hands of time I would have been a better big brother. I would have sheltered from the bad side of the world until she had matured enough to deal with it.

Yes she made a mistake. She fell in lust. She thought it was love but a person that loves you will encourage you to do good and not bad. I know she has seen the errors of her ways and has asked God for forgiveness.

Sincerely,

A handwritten signature in cursive script that reads "John Thomas". The signature is written in dark ink and is positioned below the word "Sincerely,".

John Thomas(brother)

Nov 24, 2014

To the Judge
I'm the Aunt of Brandii
Young. My name is Joann
Stokes. Brandii is a
loving and giving person.
if this situation had not
happen. Brandii would be
in school. Brandii is going
to great things. I'm asking
that the Court give her a
Second Chance.

Thank-You
Joann Stokes

Your Honours:

I felt quiet honored when I was asked to write this Character reference letter for my niece Braundii young. I have been blessed to know her all of her life.

In addition to being my niece she is an aunt, a daughter, a sister and a member of the Community of The Austin Area. I'm Writing to talk about her Character. When I was sick With Cancer she called and came over at least twice a week. She also helped to take care of her grandmother for three years. She would spend the night, to Make sure she got her medicine and that she was turned to keep from getting bed sores.

I believe that if she was not in her present stay she would have finish College at Tuman.

I know that she is a creative
person, Caring, Loving & deeply
regret the mistakes she made.
Thank you for your patient and
time in reading my letter.

Alma Freeman
Loving Aunt

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